

The splendid breeze of the fall season gently blew, and instantly made goosebumps appear on Liz's back. Liz took in her surrounding and thought nothing would be better than this moment. It had been fall break and she decided to go to New York City with her friend Megan to visit her family, look around at apartments, and colleges.

"Don't you think that next year is going to be difficult?" Liz asked Megan.

"Well what do you mean? I'm not comprehending," giggling Megan replied. "I mean like with all this school work we have to juggle, moving from Michigan to New York. It DEFINITELY is a lot I will say. I almost can't believe it! It seems like it was just yesterday we had kindergarten and was in Miss. Finkles class."

"Haha yeah, and I miss those little dumb songs she would make us sing to remember all those numbers, but look at us now, we're in New York for crying out loud! And next year, you never know what's gonna happen, we could be the next big thing! NO!...more like replacing Justin Bieber on the charts!..." nudging Liz's shoulder Megan kept blabbing on with enthusiasm. Walking along the concrete sidewalk sipping on their hot chocolates that were half empty, Megan's pink prada purse dropped. As she went to go pick it up, Liz thought this would be a funny moment to document as a memory. Liz pulled out her black, shiny, new flip camera and pressed the record button.

"Hey guys it's Liz! Um Megan and I are in New York, you know just checking out things and Megan, knowing how clumsy she is, dropped her purse." Laughing, Liz turned the camera over to Megan, and skittishly, Megan shield her face from the camera. "Liz, STOP!" Megan yelled. "Okay fine, Megan's getting annoyed so I guess we'll talk to you guys later." When Liz closed the camera and put it back in her black buttoned down coats pocket, her phone began vibrating a million times...Oh no...it was her mom trying to reach her.

"Yeah mom?" Liz answered.

"How's the city treating you and Megan?" Liz's mom asked. "What? Wait WHAT?!" Asked Liz putting the phone closer to her ear and placing her index finger to her right, red, cold, ear. She signaled Megan to come closer waving her hand back and forth as if she was fanning herself. Megan scampered over to Liz like a little mouse and began walking with Liz down the street into a dark and quiet alley.

Finally a quiet place.

"Okay sorry mom. It was too loud, I couldn't hear what you were saying."

Comment [1]: MsSpiezio:
LOVE!

Comment [2]: JazminRegan21:
whats a prada?

“Well, I was just calling to make sure you’re alright and where’s your father?”
Liz’s mom queried.

“Oh he’s at Aunt Lanies job on 7th Ave. Not too far.”

“Okay stay safe Liz. And stick tight with Megan. I don’t want to hear any bad news saying that you went missing.”

“Ha ha very funny mom.” Liz said giggly into the microphone sarcastically.

“I’m being serious Liz, New York City isn’t a place to play around. If you want to live there, you MUST pay attention to what is around you.”

“Mom I know.” Liz said impatiently.

“Alright, on that note, I’ll let you go. Remember curfew. 12 o’clock and you have to go back to your father.” Liz’s mom said in a serious tone.

After 10 seconds of silence, Liz spoke into the phone softly into the phone, “I love you mom.”

“I love you too.” Liz’s mom replied. Before hanging up, it came to Megan’s realization it was pitch dark and she started to get paranoid of the vibe that filled the air.”Alright Mom, I got to go, talk to you soon. Bye.”

Those last words meant everything to Liz at this moment. It was now 11 pm. As the midnight darkness crept up slowly, the two teenager girls became nervous, feeling practically stranded in the Big Apple;Home of new yorkers. A white van pulled up. With all their might, Megan and Liz began running away. When they reached the end of the alley, they thought they were safe. All of a sudden two guys with black hats on, Black winter coats, black sneakers, black gripping gloves, and denim levi jeans slowly appeared up behind Megan and Liz. The guys grabbed them and dragging them down the alley became a struggle as the two girls began kicking and screaming. The strangers covered Megan and Liz’s mouths almost blocking half of their noses, only leaving them with a limited supply of air. Megan bit the mysterious and unfamiliar hand tasting the copper like blood.

“OW! SHE BIT ME!” Stranger number one yelled letting go of Megan. Megan, sprinting down the alley in tears, was heartbroken. Leaving her best friend behind wasn’t the greatest idea but that was one of the ways there could be help. Turning around the corner, Megan’s white pointy nose and her brown eye poked around the corner pressed against the old brick wall. She saw her friend being dragged and shoved into the back of the white van screaming for help. The van door slammed and within seconds, her best friend was gone. Out of breath, Megan stopped

Comment [3]: ApoorvaAgarwal1:
OMg that is so sad i wish that she is okay !!!

looking at the alley and put her back against the brick wall. The clear tears ran down her pink rosy cheeks like a waterfall.

Groping around in her purse, tremblingly, she pulled out her phone and dialed for Liz's dad.

"Hello?!" Megan yelled anxiously

"Whats wrong?" Liz's dad Jerry asked.

"ITS LIZ! WE WERE WALKING, AND MONICA JUST HAD CALLED LIZ AND THESE TWO GUYS CAME AND TOOK US AWAY BUT I WAS ABLE TO ESCAPE...THEY HAVE HER STILL...I'M SO SORRY..." Megan's sentence began to trail off. Suddenly every bone in Megan's body felt like they were collapsing and breaking and making her become weaker and weaker inside, at every breath she took.

"Okay, where are you? Are you safe? I'm coming to get you now." Jerry responded quiet frightened.

"I'm right around the corner from 7th Ave." Megan sobbed. The call was disconnected.

A couple of minutes have passed and Jerry pulled up to the curb to Megan's appearance. Megan gripped the car doors handle and pulled out. As she ducked her head and climbed into the blue Mazda, she could see Jerry's face was full of expressions put together. His round face showed the look of a nervous guy and was flushed red with fury like an angry killer wanting to find out, who has kidnapped his little angel. Megan's never seen him like this before. His hands held tightly onto the steering wheel and his eyes focused directly onto the road with a little bit of a lost look. For the first 5 minutes of the car ride, Megan kept quiet and huddled up with her knees pushed up against her chest. She gazed out to the bright fluorescent colored street lights and wondered, 'Damn, why did this have to happen to my best friend? She would've been sitting here with me laughing about the dumbest things except without this situation happening. But no, she got freaking kidnapped by creepers and I can't help her at ALL. Why Liz?'

Megan pulled out her iPhone and checked the time. It was 12:00 AM to be exact. Great. "Okay Megan, I know this is hard on you, it's hard on me too. I called Monica, told her Liz went missing. She's panicking and she already called the police in Michigan and we need to know what happened EXACTLY so that the story is straight when we get to the police station." Jerry explained as he yield to a red light.

Megan gulped loudly clearing her throat and nervously came out saying, “The police?”

“Why, Yes! The police.” Jerry yelled back. Biting her lip, Megan began her story.

“Okay, so we were heading down an alley because Monica called Liz and Liz couldn’t hear anything so we went there. Then these two guys pulled up in a white van and attacked us, dragging us into the van. I was able to break free and escape. I SHOULD’VE HELPED LIZ! I DON’T KNOW WHY I DIDN’T!!! SHE’S PROBABLY PISSED OFF AT ME. I’m so sorry.”

“Alright, there’s a start. And Megan DO NOT let it stress you out. What happened, happened and we are going to get her back as soon as we can. I just hope those sickos that took her don’t lay a finger on my daughter.”

Pulling into the preisting, A police officer appeared at the gate and walked toward Jerry’s car. Jerry rolled down the window and the police officer shined a bright flashlight into the car and asked, “ What can I do for you?”

“Uh yes, I would like to see a detective regarding my daughter’s kidnapping case.”

The police officer brought the light towards Megan’s window, peered in, and directed, “Alright. Go through over there, find a space, and enter the station in that door. Once you get in, go to the front desk and ask for Officer Dally. She should be able to help you.” He stated while he pointed his finger in the directions he wanted Jerry to go in. Once they parked and got out of the car, Megan began think of the most mind boggling things... ‘OMG what’s going to happen now?’ ‘Are we ever going to find Liz?’...Always the same remaining questions.

-Liz’s Point of View

The bumps of the road couldn’t keep the headache and heartache away. I was stranded. In the middle of nowhere with two COMPLETE strangers. This couldn’t be happening to me. Tears began filling my eyes as I tried hardly to not cry but it was difficult not to. The first drop rolled down my cheek. I couldn’t believe it. MY “BEST FRIEND” abandoned me like I was nothing. Thoughts of despair filled my head and did not help my headache at all. The car jolted to a stop and I flung to the other side of the van banging my head on the door. “Oh man.” I murmured. I quickly crawled back to my original spot in fear of what was gonna happen next. “What. Do we leave her in there or take her out?” said one of the guys in the front seat. The voices were faint but I was able to hear everything. I wasn’t sure who he

was referring to but I hope not me. Both of the doors in the front seat opened and closed and then my door slid opened. I'm sure they saw the fear in my eyes but they surely wouldn't give a crap. The two strangers grabbed me by my shoulders and carried me out of the van. They began telling me weird rules and things like how I was never to leave this one room, and if I did, I would die. They told me what I was to refer them as. Mike and Josh. Finally they dropped me as they tried to open the door. I looked around looking for somewhere to run. I was trapped on this angle. There was a fence, but not just any fence either. It was barb wired. One bad move on those babies, and I was surely going to be cut. Mike unlocked the door and there was this weird white door that was ahead of me down the hallway. When Mike opened it, I noticed it was a basement entrance. They threw me down the steps and I went tumbling down eight stairs. I tried to grab onto a step, but my palms were all sweaty and I couldn't keep a grip on one of the stairs. 12 steps of pure torture. When I landed on the bottom floor of the basement attempting to get up, my leg was aching of a distraught pain. I examined my thigh and pressed down softly on one spot. The aggravating pain was ridiculous and I just wanted to know what it was. Crawling over to a safe corner away from the staircase. I rolled up my jeans as much as I could to see it. It was a bruise almost the size of a baseball. At least it was nothing serious or I hoped. It was time for me to face reality once again. I was in a basement, trapped, and surely wasn't going anywhere for awhile sadly. I rolled back down my jeans and stood up. I looked around the basement for a way out, clues...something.

Megan And Jerry

While sitting in the waiting area alone, Megan checked her phone to see if she had any notifications from facebook or twitter and to see if she had any missed calls or texts. Three missed calls from Mom, 20 notifications from facebook. "Woah." Megan gasped. Quickly before the notifications started to build up even more and slow down her phone, she looked at her facebook wall to see what was going on. Almost thirteen people heard already in Michigan that Liz has been kidnapped. Megan had no idea how, but she just couldn't take the reminders anymore of what happened to her best friend. Returning with coffee and hot coco, Jerry handed Megan a cup of hot coco and told her, "Officer Dally said she'll be right with us in a minute once she's done with this important phone call." Nodding, Megan sipped on the foamy surface of her drink. That was always hers and Liz's

favorite part. Just being able to feel like you have a chocolate mustache on the top of your top lips and tasting the sweet fluffy white marshmallows. She closed her eyes and thought about things. What she'll say to Officer Dally about her friend going missing and what happened at the scene. At last, Officer Dally came into the room and was able to talk and investigate on the crime.

"So I heard your daughter and your friend went missing. I will try my best to find her. Please follow me." Officer Dally said in a calm, steady tone to Megan and Jerry. They both stood up and began following her. Megan was in shock just looking at the stunning detective. She was at least 5'8 and she had long straight light brown hair that was shiny and looked like silk. Megan felt like a worthless person that was nothing, standing next to the officer. They walked into a room but Officer Dally asked Jerry to stay out with Officer Lopez. Megan handed Jerry the hot chocolate as they entered the interrogation room with Officer Dally. The walls were grey and there was a glass window that she always saw in movies and shows. She knew she can only see the reflection of herself, and not the people outside, but the people outside could see and hear all the words that filled the room.

Megan took a seat across the table from Officer Dally and placed her hands on her lap and folded them. "Hi, I understand, your name is Megan and you're from Michigan visiting to look around and see if you want to go to college here, correct?" Officer Dally asked. "Yes." Megan responded mumbling. Officer Dally pulled out a black pen and began taking down notes. After every question that was asked to Megan made her feel scared and nervous. An hour later passed of Megan being questioned and she was free to leave. As Megan and Officer Dally walked out the room, the detective spoke in private with Jerry. When he came back, he explained to Megan what these guys' history was and she began crying, thinking Liz is never going to come back. He told her to keep in mind the last girl that wound up getting kidnapped by them, managed to be saved within less than 24 hours, so they sent a search party out looking for Liz. When that news was given, Megan became at ease but was still nervous.

- Liz's POV

Well there was a window but I don't know how I'll manage to get out that way. 'hm, only if I had an electronic.' I thought. God, why was it so hard to think?! I had just remembered about my cell phone! I only had 50 percent of battery life left. Damn. Right away I sent a message to Megan of the street name that the house was located on and I described the outside of it too. Like how they have a

barb wired gate on one side, how the house looks old and a nasty shade of white. Waiting for her reply really made me anxious. 'What's she doing?'

-Megan and Jerry

Megan had just received a text message from Liz and began flipping out in that very moment. She began feeling this huge happiness overcome her. All she could think was 'Liz ISN'T DEAD!' Quickly, she ran over to Jerry and showed him the text. Like a little girl, he jumped up and down and yelled with joy, "My little girl is okay!" He asked if he could use the phone and Megan handed it to him. He walked back over to Officer Dally's office and showed her the text. "Liz just sent this text about 5 minutes ago to Megan! She's alive! Can't you do something with this information?" Nodding, Officer Dally took the phone and copied down the information on a pad. Using her radio, she contacted all officers and informed them about the situation. Finally they had a lead.

-Liz's POV

It's been 10 minutes and I haven't gotten a text message back yet. What the hell is Megan doing? Suddenly, a bunch of footsteps began making the wooden floor above me creek. I heard voices from Mike and Josh once again but closer by the door that I was shoved through. The only thing I heard Mike say was, "There's police down the road, we have got to go now." This is bad, this is real bad because if they are going to leave, that means they would take me with them. Quickly I began thinking of ways to leave. WAIT A CHAIR! I lifted a chair that was on the left of me toward the window and grabbed my bag and made sure nothing was left behind. I tried my best to open the window but it was stuck and had a lot of spiderwebs. Grabbing the silver knob to open the window, I cracked it open and began crawling out. By accident, moved the chair and I scratched the floor making a screechy, ear piercing sound. As the door to the basement opened, I pushed myself faster out of the window and once I did, I began running. Running like I never ran before. Running with fear and anxiety on my side. Down the road, I could see the flashing lights to the police car. Freedom. I kept running, until I tripped on a twig. Just my luck. I got up and looked behind me. Josh was chasing me! I ran and kept running, even if I was out of breath. I believed in myself that I

can do it. I began screaming, “HELP ME! HELP!” A police officer heard me and stepped out of the car. I guess he knew what happened to me, and he yelled for me to get behind him. He whipped out a black gun and shot Josh right in the arm. One of the scariest things I've ever witnessed. Then Megan stepped out of the car and I ran over to her bawling my eyes out. We hugged and cried together for about 10 minutes straight. “Are you mad at me Liz?! I’m so sorry I did that! Megan told me pleading for forgiveness. “It’s okay, I understand, but that doesn’t matter now. I know that true friends would stick around for help, meanwhile, others would just leave. Thank you Megan. And I’m sorry.” I told her back. Soon, my dad showed up with this detective named Officer Dally. They were able to arrest Josy and Mike, while I, well I was reunited with my family and my best friend.

Epilogue

3 months have passed since I’ve been kidnapped by two strange guys. Today, I tell my story to many kids and how you should always be aware of things. After me being kidnapped, Megan and I do remain best friends, more like sisters, and I decided maybe staying in Michigan for awhile may be the best thing for me right now and then I’ll see how things go from here. The moral is that you never give up on hope, you will always find brightness in the dark no matter what.